\$1.50

sernicht Youngster, Released From the society Into the Lap of Pienty, Gives Sage Advice to His Neighbors-Bright Outlook for Mother and Her Boys.

Louis, Izzy and Abie Sternlicht are back s home, at 55 Lewis street, with a young levish woman to look out for them until their mother gets out of Bellevue Hospital. Justice Wyatt of the Children's Court ook them out of the hands of the Gerry ociety yesterday and turned them over Pearlman of the United Hebrew Charities. She found a woman to act as nother for the three boys until Mrs. Sternlicht is well, and as the representative of the Hebrew Charities she will keep an eye on the boys every day to see that they

That part of Lewis street where the Sternlichts live buzzed with pleasurable excitement last night. Most everybody is the neighborhood called on the three boys, including Litwoch, the landlord, who sells pickles from a puschart. Even old Aaron Ickleberg, the pushcart Rockefeller of Lewis street, who used to threaten the small Sternlichts with cops and shoo them away from his cake wagons, dropped in to leave some sticks of striped candy and pull his long whiskers the while he nuoted wise advice to Izzy from the Talmud bout the duty of the young to be humble in the face of new riches.

The aged rabbi from the synagogue sround the corner was there. Of the small friends of the Sternlichts, the ragged little menent dwellers who would like the good fairies to do a few things for them, here were scores.

Louis, Abie and Izzy received them with dignified hospitality. Izzy, with his mouth full of very filling Hamburger steak and spices of apple pie in each hand, was moved to sage advice to his youthful callers: "Neffer." said he, "let dem Gerrys get a dem Gerrys?" asked Isadore

mad mit you."
"Yot iss dem Gerrys?" asked Isadore
Cohen of the same house.
"Dey iss mens yat waits until your mudder

"Dey iss mens vat waits until your mudder goes to de sick house and then makes a grab on you." said Izzy. "If dey get a mad on you dey call a cop an' chase you to a big place where they put locks on you and hold you. Ve're rich now. De Gerrys don't make any grab ven you vas rich."

The young woman that the Hebrew Charities has hired to take care of the Sternlichts has tidied up their two small rooms in the tenement until they fairly shine with scrubing and rubbing. In the corners are piled plenty of good things to eat and the cupboard is full. The great danger is now that the small Sternlichts may get a stomachache board is full. The great danger is now that the small Sternlichts may get a stomachache from too much watermelon, pies and candy. The three boys are generous, however, and they were doing their best last night to make their young Lewis street friends happy with a portion of their gifts. The young Hebrew woman dispensed wateroung Hebrew woman dispensed water-nelon, cake, candy and pie to scores of title people who chattered in Yiddish.

Never was there such a delightful gobbling, such a fine filling on sweet things. Goodies oveted from afar in the past, sugarplums that had appeared only in their dreams of pushcart Carnegies who didn't want to die rich, were there for the asking.

Litwoch, the landlord, has been paid his most but the Sternichte may not stay at ent, but the Sternlichts may not stay at the Sternlichts may not stay at the Lewis street. The Hebrew Charities will put them in another place as soon as Mrs. Sternlicht gets out of Eellevue.

Now that the Sternlichts are famous and wally rich in the estimation of Lewis street, there is compthing better in store for them.

there is something better in store for them than two rooms in a tenement floor, scrubbing for the mother and selling papers for the boys. The United Hebrew Charitath the secretary of the institution said seterday, will take the money that good sarted New Yorkers sent to THE SUN for the family, and gave in other ways, and add to it a sum from the institution. Then it will set the mother up in a small candy or notion store, where the work will be comparatively light and she can make a living with the assistance of her bright boys.

The Sun has received for the Sternlichts of \$304; \$65 has been credited to the family through other means and \$4 was given to the boys by callers. That makes \$163. With whatever sum the United Hebrew Charities decides to add that will make nice investment toward a small business When the three boys were told about the plan last night they were so happy bey couldn't eat for a while and that means

to y couldn't eat for awnie and that means a degree of pleasure not to be measured by ordinary standards.

"Ve vill pe merchants," said Izzy proudly.

"unt make a brofits on all goods. Maybe will come py a bank unt vear long peards unt high bats like the rabbi Isaao." Izzy was for handing out jobs to the small callers right away. He went to bed to dream of riches beyond the dreams of starice. Louis, a level headed youngster, received the news as befitted the head of he family.

the family.

"It vill pe fine for mudder," said he. "Ve can help her that way unt never pe pehind with the rent or get in the hands of the Gerry society again."

Agent Jenkins of the Gerry society de-nied yerterday that that great and good institution butted into the Sternlicht case of its own initiative and snatched the children from their home after money had been received for their support and plenty of people were ready to care for them. He said that a citizen had asked them to take charge of the children. harge of the children.
When the Gerry society sent the children
o Children's Court yesterday and Miss
carlman appeared for the United Hebrew

Pearlman appeared for the United Hebrary Charities Justice Wystt didn't waste much time taking the children out of the society's hands. He asked Miss Pearlman what she intended doing with the Sternlichts. she informed him and he gave the children into her charge without more ado. The into her charge without more ado. The small Sternlichts put their hands in Miss Parlman's and left the Gerry agent with

THE SUN acknowledges the receipt of the following moneys for the benefit of the Sternlichts yesterday: "Continual Reader," sent \$1; "Sympathy," \$1; E. H., \$1; Anglo-American," by check, \$10; W. B. H., \$1; P. O. box 398, Atlantic Highlands, N. J., \$2; H., \$10; L. E. G., \$1 and M. E. P., \$2.

The Seagoers.

Passengers to-day on the Campania Alfred Davies, M. P.; Dr. and Mrs. James Douglas, the Most Rev. J. J. Glennon, Mme. Vivian Jones of Salt Lake City, George Montgomery, W. R. H. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Millett, Miss Helen Mar Moat, Dr. John Vander Poel, Mirs. Galt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. William Lord Sexton, Frank Worthing, the Rev. Thomas W. Wallace.

The Caledonia, for Glasgow, will carry Mr. and Mrs. John Penn Brock of Phila-ephia, Richard M. Field, Charles M. Field, T. James Orr Kylie, Harden De Valson ratt of Elmira, Capt. Hall G. Pringle of ekin, John R. Rainbow.

On the list of the Zeeland are:

Gen. O. Malmros, United States Consul at Rouen, France; the Hon. Alexander Gilchrist, Dr. B. L. Hardin, Prof. Charles S. Hastings, Doull Miller, Mr. and Mrs. William B.

News of Plays and Players. Clyde Fitch is due to arrive in New York the White Star liner Celtic to-day. He will proceed to his country place at Greenwich where he will remain over Sunday arranging his plans for the season. His first work will be the staging of his comedy 'Her Great Match,' for the rehearsal of which Charles Dillingham has notified the Maxine Elliott company to assemble at the Criteron Theater on Monday, Aug. 7.

"The College Widow" company left New York yesterday on a special train for Chicago, where the season will open at the suidebaker Theater on Monday night.

The musical Sunday evenings at Wistarla Grove will be continued to-morrow. Special features will be Maximillian Pilzer, the violinist, who will play a Hungarian cance by Brahms, and a Paganini selection, and Lewis Williams, barytone, who will sing the prologue to "Pagliacoi" and the forcedor song from "Carmen." wich where he will remain over Sunday

NEW BOOKS.

London Without Any Clothes.

We have been unable to determine with precision the name of the author of "The Storm of London; a Social Rhapsody (Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston). It is given on the title page as "F. Dickberry." t stands on the cover of the book "H. Dicksberry." A publishers' slip, thoughtfully included as a bookmark, declares it to be "F. Dicksberry"; and we cannot know, f course, which is authoritative, or whether t is Dickberry or Dicksberry, or F. or H We have thought of it as being possibly a name assumed for the occasion, and hence not sufficiently familiar to anybody to be treated with consistency and socuracy. We do not know that it all very much mat-

We find described in the opening chapter here a highly distressing state of things in London. The Earl of Somerville, driving away from Agricultural Hall at the beginning of a thunderstorm, closed his eyes and reviewed with agitation certain matters that he had been privileged to witness. The story credits him with a profane exclamation and makes him say: "I never realised the brutal ferocity of London life until I saw its nocturnal Bacchanals synthesized within so many square feet." He had seen London life represented by distinguished members of society. He recalled Lady Carlton in the character of a street rover a cigarette in her mouth, reeling along the pavement, nudging this one, thrusting her eigarette under the nose of another, pulling a policeman's beard, shouting at the cab drivers. He had seen a good dea of the real thing, but he had never blushed as he did while observing Lady Carlton. But she was only an incident of the show. The last tableau was most striking. The fronts of the houses dropped away, revealing what was going on within-gambling massage," all the secret evils.

Enter the police. We were going to ask where they were and what the Vice Squad was doing. To be sure, they were only the play police, but we must be satisfied with them. There were no others The miming evildoers scattered. The Countess of Lundy was caught in a 'massage" establishment. She had on night wrap. The story says: "What a night wrap!" The suffused Earl, sitting with closed eyes in the darkness of his brougham, "saw the Countess as she had stood in front of the footlights, unblushing, courting the approval of her public and he still heard in his ears the furious applause of London Society gathered that night" to look at her. It seems to be appropriate to say that they saw her. She and her night wrap made the Earl think of a French painting of a female, surely not unique, which "revealed with subtle suggestiveness the lissome shape of arms and legs and full curves of the breast through a foam of white lace and chiffon."

The relentless memory of the Earl supplied him with a number of visions equally distressing. He saw many fine ladies of his acquaintance who were possessed of the "ferocious glance of the pleasure seeker, the audacious stare of the flesh hunter. There was more to come. Even then he was on his way to a torchlight picnic that was to be held in Richmond Park between midnight and morning. "All Society was to be there. The Duchess of Southdown was to take a prominent part in the entertainment. Object lessons in rat catching were to be the chief attraction, as fashion able women had been chosen to take the parts of the rate, and to be chased, hunted and finally caught by smart men of Society. The whole persistent picture so tormented the Farl that he went home and shot himself with a revolver. He did this when the storm was at its height. There was a clap of thunder that shook the house as he pulled the trigger. The shot was not fatal. He awoke in the morning to find that the storm

had had a very curious result. All London was deprived of its clothes. There was not in all the town a stitch of clothing or of any fabric that could be The Earl remained in his bedroom for eleven days. On the twelfth day he sprang off his couch, took his tub and brushed his hair," walked down the marble staircase and went outdoors. With unanimity that has been known to distinguish its action on other occasions and in other particulars all London Society went outdoors on the twelfth day. As the Earl walked about he did not recognize anybody, for the story makes out that people are recognized by their clothes and not by their faces. He also found it troublesome to distinguish classes. "As women passed by he wondered to what class of society they belonged. How could the shop girl now be differentiated from the Duke's daughter? He never could have believed such a dilemma possible. In front of his club he glanced through the swinging glass doors and saw a portly individual standing; but he could not for his life tell whether it was the hall porter or one of the members." We believe that he came to be able to distinguish American ladies by the decision and freedom of their walk. was some time before he recognized Gwendolen, the girl to whom he was en-

When the Earl first saw Gwendolen after the storm she stood in one of the picture galleries leaning her elbow on an Etruscan vase and contemplating a portrait by Lely. Doubtless she was studying the clothes. His eyes were enraptured. Who could she be? Unquestionably somebody from Greece. "Greece alone could have given birth to such a symmetric form and such harmony of movements." Her lovely hazel eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, lifted themselves to his as he approached. They instantly fell in love. He said: "Allow me to lead you to a lounge." She replied that she was not tired. After some mo ments of conversation he remarked that it was late and asked permission to see her home. He inquired: "Where shall I escort you? Where is your home?" She replied Will you take me to Hertford street, No 110?" At that he knew her. "Gwendolen!

he cried. Her answering cry was "Lionel!" Before the storm Gwendolen had been whimsical and frivolous. She had even been mercenary, importuning the Earl for costly presents. Her voluminous corre spondence was conducted almost wholly by telegraph. She would begin to despatel "wires" to people while she was eating fried bacon at breakfast and would keep it up all day. We dare say they were all marked collect." Now she was altogether lovely. Going without clothes had transformed her. Her pitying bosom was torn by the Earl's account of his loveless home. Said the Earl, when she asked him to tell her

about his mother: "The lives of fashionable women are not so full of adventures as the lower classes seem to think. It is not for the things they do they should be blamed, but for all they do not do. There are a great many legends about society women that are, in fact, but twaddly prose; there is a great deal of fues all round a fashionable beauty, and very little worth fussing about. Spite and vanity are at the root of many rotten homes. I know my home was an arid desert, because my father never forgave my mother for having brought him to the altar, and she vented her spite on him by compromising herself with every man available or un-

available. The more my father showed his contempt to her the more she threw herself into a vortex of frivolity. Her vanity could only equal her coldne Her curse was to be incapable of any love She never for one instant loved the man she inveigled into matrimony, she never cared a jot for her children, and she cer tainly had no passion, however ephemera it might have been, for any of the men

with whom she compromised herself. In

this lies the ghastliness of such lives." In extolling life without clothes the author does a good deal in this mournful vein. He told Gwendolen that never once had he seen his mother lean over the cot of one o her children. Rarely did she visit the nursery. Her occasional visits were painful ordeals. To appear motherly, she now and then put her hand on the narrator's curly head. It hurt when she made such a demonstration. "Ah!" said the Earl to Gwendolen, "those fingers scintillating with diamonds and precious stones; those hard bracelets penetrating into my delicate skin How I loathed that hand on my head-it was such a hard hand." "Poor Lione!! murmured the unclad Gwendolen as the Earl paused. "But you do not say how your little sister died." The Earl went on to say, but we shall not repeat the story. It is very pathetic, very harrowing; and w know that it is true, for we have heard it more than once before. Has the reader not heard of the mother who went to the ball when her child lay dying, and who found it dead on her return? Of course he has, and wept over it often.

Going without clothes proved to be great advantage to the morals. The Farl's heart was full as he and Gwendolen strolled under the trees (page 132), and "he thought deeply and analyzed minutely his emotions, trying to define the newl acquired standard of morals that was slowly transforming their old, rotten society into a rational sociality. One feature of the old world had certainly disappeared since the storm-lascivious curiosity. How could morbid erotism find any place in our reformed republic? Evelike nakedness robbed a woman of all impure suggestiveness. It was the half clad, half disrobed that had made man run amuck in the race for brutal enjoyment. Very fine, but we should like to see the author trying to make Mr. Comstock believe it.

When it came time for the Earl and Gwendolen to be married they left it to a young acquaintance named Nettie to say what the ceremony should be. Nettie said: "I should suggest a drive in your charlos to some isolated spot in the country Stay in some laborer's cotta ge, and on the day which would have been the one appointed by you in our past society for th wedding I should advise you to spend it in the fields and to have a mutual confession-what I would call a complete reckoning of your two inner lives. . . Stay away as long as you can; then return to your occupations here."

Nettie's advice was followed, and if there were any disastrous consequences the story does not make them known.

Bill Jones and Dick Judd.

Bill Jones, the sailor, was naturally sur prised when, just as he had turned a lumsy handspring and landed on his back, soon after getting ashore on the Island of Tagajack, "half a dozen black skinned thick lipped savages piled themselves or his prostrate form" and bound him hand and foot. The handspring had been undertaken as an expression of joy, as may be learned by anybody who will read the story called "John Smith L." the seventh of a series of nineteen short imaginative histories conceived and written by Will S. Gidley and published under the title of A Dicker in Souls and Other Stories (The M. W. Hazen Company). To be interrupted thus in an expression of joy had happened to him.

.But this was not all. Bill Jones, surprised and irritated to begin with, found presently that still more was coming his way. A sharp apprehension was added to his unpleasant feelings. He himself records, speaking of these savages: "You may judge of my sensations a moment later when I saw one of them begin piling twigs and broken bark in a sort of open fireplace between two crotched sticks. while the rest of the nearly naked savages squatted down in a circle round a flat stone and began ratiently sharpening their sharks' teeth weapons on its rough surface. We can indeed judge of his sensations. What he saw meant, of course, nothing less than that it was contemplated to roas Bill Jones and to eat him. It was at the precise moment when the thrill of a complete understanding passed along his nerves that he cried aloud, as his habit was when he was in trouble, "By the great

John Smith!" He builded better than he knew. The cannibals rolled over on the ground with loud cries. The cannibal King came forth from his tent or other place of concealment and addressed Fill Jones in excel lent Down East English. "I am King John Smith," said he, in effect. "Come along to my ralace and let me give you an account of myself. Jones, you say? Glad to see you, Jones. I beg you to overlook this indignity. If I had known you were Bill Jones, it never should have happened." With that he cut Bill Jones's bonds and led him away and refreshed him with rum and personal history; and we know that the reader will buy the book if he feels that the history is important and that he would

It seems to be pretty plain that "John Smith I." was not intended to be a perfectly true and credible chronicle, and we presume that other tales in the book were rather lightly meant. There is "Room 13," for instance. The very name implies credulity and superstition, and prepares us for visions and matters unfounded in fact. Not for a moment do we believe that Richard Judd, commercial traveler, was hocus pocused as he says he was in this story. What, indeed, does he tell us? He declares that one Rham Chunder, a malignant old juggler from Oude or Budjpootnah, turned cigars into serpents and a quarter of a dollar into a bat. We might have believed it if the scene had been India, but we drew the line at Hillsdale Junction,

Pa., in the Eagle Hotel. Bed business for Judd, according to the story, when that seasoned commercialist the landlord of the Eagle \$5 to turn old Rham out of Room 14 and put him into the room of evil number next door. Rham tried to scare Judd off with the snakes and the bat, but Judd continued foolhardy. His punishment was as bad as anything that we have heard of lately. Old Rham set his darkest powers at work, with the result that when Judd woke up in the morning, after a singularly disturbed and feverish night, be found himself in Room 13 in the Royal Lion Inn at Queensville Crossing in Canada. If Rham Chunder's revengeful hocus pocus had stopped there it is possible that we could have forgiven it in time, but it went considerably further.

found the meager and incoherent clothing of a tramp at his bedside—that and nothing else. Not only had Rham Chunder transformed him and transported him, but he had stripped him of his possessions. Judd was without his baggage, without his trunk

of samples, without money.

Even his cotton nightgown was gone. He summoned the landlord. He could have done nothing worse. The Royal Lion was run by a man with a heart of marble-a man every bit as relentless as the host of the Black Whale Inn at Askelon. celebrated in the German song. Out flew poor Judd from the Royal Lion presently, the police at his heels. In his blind desperation he crossed the railroad track in front of a locomotive, which struck him and hurled him, "like stone from some taut catapult let loose," a distance of forty tragical yards. When he came to at the end of nine days he was back again at the hotel in Pennsylvania, where the presence of the attending surgeon seemed to attest that what had happened to him was not a mere figment of the imagination. Indeed, when he despatched a message to the Royal Lion Inn in Canada, inquiring if he had been there, the reply stated that he had, and preferred a request for the settlement of a bill of \$1 for a night's lodging.

All the same, we do not believe the story nor, as we have said, do we think it was in tended that we should swallow it.

Some Biographics.

How long will the reputation of William Cullen Bryant as a poet survive the genera-tion that learned "Thanatopsis" by hear at school? A few poems, certainly, will last more, perhaps, American patriotism may keep alive, but his hold as a poet is not as strong as it was a generation ago, and the Bryant who was editor of the Evening Post and became the Nestor of American letters seems to be taking the poet's place The certain lack of enthusiasm is, perhaps excusable in the biography written by William Aspenwall Bradley for the "English Men of Letters' series, "William Cullen Bryant" (Macmillans). The facts in Bryant's long life are all given conscientiously especially those connected with his editor ial career, but less stress is put on his poetry than would have been, say fifty years ago His remarkable achievement in trans lating Homer after three score years and ten had passed is dealt with tenderly, but rather as a feat in a man of his age than for its poetic merits. Fairness, not enthusiasm, marks Mr. Bradley's work.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Knox, which is being observed this year in Scotland, wrongly in all probability, according to Dr. Henry Cowan in his "John Knox, the Hero of th Scottish Reformation (G. P. Putnam's Sons), makes a new biography timely Dr. Cowan's book will be more welcome to scholars than to the general public. for he devotes himself to deciding dis puted points about his hero's career rather than to presenting a view of the man himself. That a favorable view of Knox's actions and cheracter should be offered is perhaps natural, but a historian, perhaps, might look at matters from a dif ferent standpoint than that of the Scottish Kirk. There is something to be said for

Mary Stuart and the Catholics. Eloquence is the distinctive mark of Charles F. Warwick's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution." Facts are made subservient to rhetorical phrases which will hardly startle the reader by their novelty. It is a style of composition more common before the war than since history has been made a scientific study. The book may be compared more fitly to Mr. Thomas E. Watson's first volume of the "History of France' than to anything else we have seen of late.

Recently Thomas H. Benton has been favored by several biographers. His name was calculated to be irritating as well as of which Mr. Joseph H. Rogers speaks surprising, and it did not astonish us to in the preface to his "Thomas H. Benton." learn that Bill Jones got hot in the collar (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia), fully aware of what and to students of American history, at more than his "Thirty Years' View of the United States Senate." There is no doubt, however, that a mist, not wholly due to time, is covering ante-bellum celebrities. Mr. Rogers has done a careful bit of work, which was worth doing.

Mr. B. Herrick With a High Purpose It is too bad to see Mr. Robert Herrick. after the excellent work he has done, still floundering around to find himself as he does in "The Memoirs of an American Citizen" (Macmillans). He had graduated from more or less conscious imitations of foreign models, and we had hoped that he had risen above the stage of sociological satire. In this book, however, he returns to a gloomy presentation of American life from the dreary standpoint of citizens' unions and reform clubs.

There might be no harm in this from the artistic point of view if his unscrupulous hero's actions were only logically coherent. We can follow the author's intention easily enough, but this is the chief explanation for the arbitrary steps in his hero's moral downfall. A man might easily be accused unjustly of theft in a police court, or might be opposed to the Chicago Anarchists, or might even be sincerely in the service of a trust without being called upon to bribe

Judges or legislatures The three women that Mr. Herrick brings into play are sketched cleverly, and would have been interesting if they had not been turned into foils to display the hero's turpitude. Some of his men are good, too, particularly the highly moral business man who tries to sell out his associates They are all twisted, nevertheless, into a wful examples to enforce the preaching. It is not art, and it is not even sociology. If a satire of the evils of American life in the form of fiction is to be effective, the author must conceal his moral purpose and make his story tell the facts he wishes to condemn. This Mr. Herrick has not done. He has injected wrong actions needlessly and plainly for the purpose of condemning them. He is not only preaching, but he makes his readers conscious that it is his intention to preach.

We have had an overdose of sociological and political novels of late. It is not pleasant to find Mr. Herrick turning his talents

A Sane Book on Russia.

For people who wish to understand the disturbances that are occurring in the Czar's dominions no more useful book will be found, we fancy, then the new and revised edition of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's "Russia" (Henry Holt & Co.). The book is, in substance, nearly thirty years old; it was written calmly and objectively at a time when there was no special excitement over Russian affairs, and it gives a fair view of all Russian matters from the standpoint of one who acquiesces in the existing order of things, and not of one who wishes to have them changed according to the standards of other lands. That, surely, must be the attitude of one who wishes to understand things as they are, no matter what they should or should not be..

The author's narrative is of personal experience rather than didactic. The When Judd arose in his Canadian roomshe body of the book, the historical and do

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.

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længwidgiz scriptive chapters have been revised and Parhaps the Largest and Boot-Equipped LINGTYPE JOS-OFFICE in the World for Books, Magazines, News-papers in All Languages. Cylinder and WEB PRESSWORK. rewritten in the light of the added knowledge acquired in the last thirty years. To them have been joined new chapters LANGUAGES PRINTING COMPANY Languages Building, 15 West 18th St., New York describing the revolutionary movements and the industrial changes of the later years, Everywhere the author tries to state and explain existing facts and conditions,

about the future. He tells of the institutions, of the government, of the classes, of the social, agricultural and industrial conditions from a mowledge of the country covering many years. His book, in its present form, provides the facts to reason from. It will be worth while to consider his statements regarding the late M. de Plehve, the Grand Dukes and the Empress Dowager and compare them with the wild talk current about internal Russian politics.

never to criticise and still less to prophesy

The "Biographical" Stevenson.

The handy little volumes of the biographical edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, follow fast on one another. Four more have appeared, bringing the number up to fourteen. These last com-prise "The Black Arrow," "The Dynamiter," Travels With a Donkey" and "Virginibus Puerisque." The same mistake in typographical taste that was pointed out before is observable in these volumes; the handsome readable page in the first two is spoiled in the others by too much leading in the effort to secure uniform size.

In "Virginibus Puerisque" Stevenson's original dedication to W. E. Henley stands; Mrs. Stevenson, however, has her fling at Henley's inexplicable attack on Stevenson after his death in the preface to "The Dynamiter," the book which bears on the title page her own name with her husband's. She says there: "It is the irony of fate that the man who wrote 'Old Mortality' and The Defense of Father Damien'-in both cases because the person misjudged lay 'in his resting grave'-should have had his own memory attacked, not by an enemy nor even by a stranger, but by one he ha every reason to believe his loyal friend." In this preface and in that to "The Black Arrow" are some intimate details of Stevenson's life, by no means important and which might as well have been left unpublished The edition, all the same, is as attractive as any of those that have appeared and more convenient in many ways than any other we have seen.

Again the Commuter's Wife. Much more of a story than in any of the

author's previous books will be found in "At the Sign of the Fox" by "Barbara" (Macmillans). To begin with, it is a relief to find that the rather selfish and complacent young woman who is the central figure in the other stories has been left out. Here we have a heroine who has human qualities, and a number of other agreeable people. To be sure it is hard to understand how the growth of a beard can disguise a man from the woman who loves him. We should imagine that she might have fixed in her mind his features or figure or tricks of gesture, but there is no knowing what women remember or forget in the men they have been thrown in with, and perhaps a natural beard may distort a man as much as an artificial one.

There are pretty descriptions of nature and of scenery in this story, as in its predecessors. The interiors seem more ficial, as if a decorative artist had been called in. We trust few young women will be led into setting up wayside tearooms in the country on the chance of making money, and pray that if they do they may be as successful as the heroine. The people and their talk are much more natural than might be expected, and some of the love business is pretty good.

An important technical manual, "The Copper Handbook," appears for the fifth time, covering the year 1904. It is com-piled and published by Horace J. Stevens at Houghton, Mich. As in former years, the first chapters present a compendium of all that is known about the metal with which it deals, the history, geology, chemistry, mineralogy, metallurgy of copper and the uses to which it is put, accompanied by technical glossaries. This is followed by a description of the geographical distribution of copper throughout the world in successive chapters.

The chapter of chief importance, however, which takes up the greater part of the volume, is that containing alphabetically an account of all the copper mines of the world and the companies engaged in developing them, with information brought up to date. The last chapter includes carefully compiled statistical information relating to the copper industry. The "Hand-book" is invaluable to all who have anything whatever to do with copper, whether for speculative or industrial purposes.

The volubility that marked "The Second Mrs. Jim" is kept up in Mr. Stephen Conrad's econd volume of effusions by the same lady, "Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie" (L. C. Page & Co., Boston), though the dialect is mercifully mitigated. In this we find a further series of incidents of country life told with much vivaciousness. Here and

PUBLICATIONS.



Ready August 1st The Missourian The story of Din Driscoll's adventures at the Court of Maximilian.

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Bits of description of country episodes are very good, and from time to time, when the narrator's talkativeness permits, a glimpse of real character may be caught.

Boo's Received.

"A History of Dipiomacy in the International Development of Europe. Volume I." David Jayne Hill, LL. D. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
"Judarael." George L. Hutchin. (The Author, Portland, Ore.) "Sir Guy of Warwick." Gordon Hall Gerould.

(Rand, McNally & Co.)
"A Scarlet Repentance." Archie Bell. (Broadway Publishing Company.)
"Melvina Drew." English Norman. (Broadway Publishing Company.) "The Missourian." Eugene P. Lyle., Jr. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Peter's Mother." Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"An Alphabet of Athletics." Eustace H. Miles. E. P. Dutton & Co.) "Stories From Shakespeare's Plays for Children: A Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, The Tempest, The Merchant of Venice, King Richard the Second, King Henry the Fifth." Six vol-

E. P. Dutton & Co.) "The Romance of Savoy: Victor Amadeus II. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Pipes of Pan. No. V. From the Book of Valennes." Bliss Carman. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)
"The Rival Campers." Ruel P. Smith. (L. C.

"Good Form for Men." Charles Harcourt. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.)

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